from their faces.

## PIERRE PUJOL'S TURN OF LUCK.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY ADOLPHE BELOT.

> [Copyrighted.] CHAPTER I.

TT WAS DRAWING near to the end of De cember. In a few days the bells would ring out a toyous welcome to the new year. Never had the streets of Paris seemed so bright and lively. They were fairly choked with crowds of light-hearted people, who, for the time being, had pushed self out of sight and were only bent upon making others happy. In the shops they elbowed each other furiously in their eagerness to get the best and the prettiest for those they loved, to cheer the old and to surprise the young. Nothing was too good for the loved ones at home, nothing was too dear for those who had the money to spend and as these crowds of chatting and laughing people brushed by Pierre Pujol, he drew his thin coat closer across his breast for his thoughts had suddenly turned to his two little daughters in that cold and cheerless attic, which served him as a home. and the keen air seemed to bite him most mer-

A year ago Pujol had had a snug berth in a banking house and his prospects in life left day and watch the laughing and light-hearted nothing to be desired. His intelligence and crowds of parents and children as they swarmed industry made him a great favorite with his employers and he had gone to his comfortable little home on the last day of the year with a at home, when the moment should come to present of 100 francs in his pocket and a notice of an increase of salary. His wife had met bim at the door and their tears of joy had mingled, while Julie and little Blanche had showered kisses upon him as the beautiful presents were set before their wondering eyes.

Alas, what terrible changes since that day! The banking house had failed and Petel, although he had made most persistent efforts to secure a new position, had been unable to do so. But, greatest blow of all, his beloved wife, never very robust, had broken down under the strain and faded out of life like a tender flower. Things had gone from bad to worse, and now, as the New Year's day was coming around again, Pierre Pujol found himself face to face with bitter and remorseless poverty. He felt like a criminal as he crept back to his wretched attic, for several times during the week he had found awaiting him scraps of bread and meat which he knew Julie must have secured by begging. The thought drove him almost to and yet he dared not forbid her to ask alms, for Blanche was such a frail little creature that even a fast of twenty-four hours might be fatal. Pajol pushed the door open as softly as possible, for he hoped the children might be asleep, but Julie heard him and called out: "How late you are tonight, papa. I waited

supper for you nearly an hour."
At that word "supper" Pujol felt his eyes fill with tears. He glanced at the table and, sure enough, there was a plate of bread and meat, and beside it a cup of some beverage or other. "Julie," began the wretched man in a low whisper; but the little girl of ten—a remarkably strong and womanly child for her years-anticipated what he was going to say and cut him short with a mock earnest exclamation of "Papa, Blanche has been very naughty tonight; she won't go to sleep, although I've told her all about the dolls in the shop windows."

At these words little Blance, whom her sister

was holding upon her lap and coddling up to her child breast in such a sweet and lovable manner that Pujol's heart was deeply touched by the sight, broke away from Julie's embrace and fixing her wide-opened eyes on her father cried out: "Oh, papa, Julie has told me all about them, and I want one for a New Year's present. "One what, my darling?" asked Pujol, taking

Why, an unbreakable doll, papa. Julie says it il last till I get to be a big, big girl. "Come here, you naughty child," said Julie, settling herself down again to the almost hope-less task of rocking her little sister to sleep,

cheeks, now flushed with a glow of excitement.

and let poor hungry papa eat his supper in peace, you bad, bad child.

"Unbreakable doll?" murmured Pujol to himself, as he covered his face with his hands to his tears, and then it occurred to him that he had seen in the shop windows dolls so labelled for the first time this season. "It is here'll be no joy for me and mine this New

Year day. It can't last much longer. I must get food for them or I must give them up to those who can provide for their wants. Give merciful heaven, the thought sets a knife in my heart!" And the man sobbed convulsively as the phantom of separa-"Don't cry, pape," murmured a child's voice softly and tenderly. It was Julie, and as she laid her little face against her father's and

peated in a tone sweet and trustful: "Don't cry, papa, we shall have better luck next year. Year's now, papa." "God grant it," exclaimed Pujol, as he

ed that frail little figure to his breast. But, ah, it seemed like hoping against hope The following day brought forth nothing but promises, always promises. For weary hours Pujol sat in the outer offices of business houses only to be told in the end that they had resolved to wait until after the open-ing of the year before they filled this or that vacancy or took on any new men. Utterly worn out in and sick at heart, Pujol sat down on a bench in the Champs Elysees to rest himself for a few moments and to run over his list of names in order to see if he had been everywhere. Yes, the list had been exhausted. institution and become a beggar on the streets. It was hard, terribly hard for him to make up his mind to give up the struggle, the more so as he felt himself so willing and able to do his duty in life. But he seemed crowded out, elbowed aside, he knew not why. No one wanted him, no one was touched by his piteous tale of sunken eyes. Overcome by fatique, Pujol's bead fell backward and for an instant all his

troubles were forgotten. He slept.
"Poor man, how awful sad he looks!" exclaimed a child's voice, in a soft and sympa-"I must be dreaming," thought Pujol to him

"Come, come, Paula!" cried another little child richly clad in velvet and fur standing in front of him, with her large blue eves fixed in-tently upon his face. A little further along there were two other children, both of them

lder. The children were accompanied by a tall, aristocratic-looking man, who had halted and was waiting patiently for the one addressed as Paula to eatch up with him. "Do come on, Paula!" again urged the same voice, "we can't wait for you forever!" But the little angel's heart had been touched,

and she was determined not to stir until she had blessed Pierre Pujol. "Please, Uncle Felix," she pleaded, "give the

poor man some money."

The tall gentleman smiled and thrusting his and into his pocket tossed a couple of francs

into Pujol's lap.

The bank clerk tried to speak, but the words died away in his throat, and he could only sit here and watch the three beautiful children as

they disappeared in the distance. Once or twice his little angel Paula looked back at him. Then he lost sight of them entirely.

children had addressed as Uncle Felix, had been visiting the shops with his three little nieces in hopes that they might make choice of what they wanted for New Year's presents. But it had been a fruitless task, for when they reached home there seemed to be quite as little chance as ever of their making up their minds. Even when Martha and Jane, the two eldest, reached a conclusion. Paula was ready with all

Felix, laughingly, "and when you have made up your minds let me know, only be sure and let me know in time, for the tradespeople are very busy these days and the order must be iron railing and was partially stunned. As he "Oh, uncle, I know what I want," suddenly came from little Paula, with a deliciously demure expression on her little face. I want one of those new dolls that everybody is talking of the senses a rough voice was neaping hard names upon him.

"You fool," cried the voice, "are you drunk ones."

"That's Uncle Felix!" they cried, "he always fallen down the elevator—a hundred feet. Can't

At these words Paula was beside herself with joy and danced about the room, clapping her little hands and wishing that New Years day babics, who can ever love them as I do?" And had already come.

"Very well, my darlings," said Uncle Felix solemnly; "an unbreakable baby it shall be, what morey can buy. What and the largest one that money can buy. What an altogether charming family you'll make, to

The moment Pierre Pujol had eaten some warm food he felt his courage come back with he asked himself over and over again. "Julie his strength, and he determined to make one is such a blessed little woman of a child that I more visit to the agency. To his great joy, they informed him that one of the large establishments was in urgent need of trustworthy men to act as porters for the few remaining days of the old year to assist in carrying packages to their destination; that although the work would doubtless be hard, yet the pay would be good. Pujol took the address, presented himself forth-with and made such a favorable impression upon the clerk in charge that he was at once cepted and set to worg. In truth, it was hard work, tramping from one end of Paris to the other loaded down like a pack horse with bundles and packages; but what would he not have undergone for the sake of those little loved ones at home? Now they would at least have a happy New Year; for now he would have gh to buy them cakes and candies and, above all, to gladden their eyes with one of the dolls of which they had dreamed for so

## many nights in that cold and cheerless attic. CHAPTER II.

But Pierre Pujol's toilsome task had its bright side and that was that he was busied outdoors and not called upon to stand for the livelong chases and listen to their chat as they anipated the joy and surprise of the loved ones open the packages and survey the contents. Several times in his comings and goings Pujol known him in his better days, but so pinched and altered by hunger was his countenance, so shabby and worn his clothing and, above all, so loaded down was he with bundles and packages. not only suspended from each arm, but strapped to his back, that they little thought the man was the once happy and light-hearted Pierre they had known, so full of kindliness and

But Pujol had no time for indulgence in gloomy recollection. His thoughts were all with the present, which hour by hour took on brighter hue, and, as he trudged along on the ong and weary errands, the music of little Blanche's voice rang in his ears, and the soft, hopeful eyes of the womanly little Julie glowed upon him like two beacon lights set in the gloom which had not yet entirely lifted. Then came the glad thought that the old year had but two days more to live; that on New Year's eve he would receive his pay for the week's work, and that then he should be in a position to carry not only the cakes and candies to his children, but the doll of which they had been dreaming for so many weeks.

So absorbed did poor Pierre become in an-ticipating the joyful New Year's day which was in store for him that quite unconscious of where he was and what he was about he halted and standing in the very middle of the side-walk began the task of trying to persuade him-self that he would be able to afford a good big doll for his childrer.
"Let me see," said he half aloud, as he meas-

ured off the length with his hands, "about so long. Oh. no. I cannot think of it! That's too big. But there, so long, I think would not be to expensive, possibly a little shorter, say of dear," said Blanche, holding up the doll in front that length, counting the bonnet, or even a lit- of him. tle shorter would satisfy my darlings, I know it would. They are so good. But not an inch shorter than that, there, that."

A burst of laughter aroused Pierre from his beautiful dream. With a look of almost terror he raised his head to find a group of boys and idlers encircling him and watching his strange ections. Tightening his hold on his bundles he pushed his way through the jeering crowd, which again broke out into mocking laughter as he went his way.

smile, but both failed. He clasped his children
At last the 31st day of December had come. to his breast and kissing them tenderly bade

Pierre's heart felt a leaden weight laid upon it them go and amuse themselves with their new slippery as if they had been smeared with It meant a cruelly hard day's work for im, but he took courage. It would be the last before the glad New Year dawned and then there would be at least twelve hours of happi-

At breek of day while the children were still had enabled his sleeping soundly, Pujol slipped out of his attic they made use and made his way through the silent streets to merchandise. the huge pile of packages which had been assigned to him for distribution on this last day of the year.

in reducing the pile to less discouraging proportions. But, as the day wore on, it required a tremendous effort of his will power to bring himself to return to the shop for the last load. His legs and feet were tired to the bone and a load to the seat again. Julie soon joined him seems of index with all the last load. score of indescribable aches and pains shot from his soles to his hips every step he took. When 7 o'clock tolled out solemnly from the belfry of a neighboring church he had almost finished his day's work. There was but one package that remained to be delivered, but it was a large and heavy one, and noticing that that it was necessary for him to go out once its destination was a good mile away and that he was at that moment near home, he deterdrink some coffee, which he knew to be there, and eat a crust of bread before starting out on

best apartments in the house was in the habit and mending and caring for their clothes. They were with this friend now, and as it was New Year's eve Pujol was quite certain that the good soul would hold on to them later than usual, so, in order to make sure of getting his week's pay, he resolved to return at once to the heart? It would be madness to ask for for-shop, and, after he had drawn his money, giveness at the hands of the purchaser of the shop, and, after he had drawn his money, bought presents for the children and snugly tucked the rest of his money away in his in bed and then set out to deliver the last

one-half of his long list of sches and pains had been cured by his half hour's rest and cup of coffee and crust of bread, and he stepped along poor babies. My poor babies! Oh, my poor with a much lighter heart on his way to the babies! mammoth establishment in which he fortunately obtained employment.

ments, and the bundreds of employes were rushing hither and thither executing the last orders of the year so that they might hurry home to their families.
Pujol's heart felt lighter as he glanced at the le and haggard faces of these fellow sufferers,

who now for nearly a month had often been obliged to eat their lunches as they stood at their posts, and he forgot his own troubles in pitying them. Picking his way through the long aisles encumbered with empty mother's lap. cases and packing material, he halted in front of the cashier's desk and was surprised to find no line formed in front of the win

"What can it mean?" gasped Pujol, passin his hand across his eyes, as if to assure himsel that there was nothing obstructing his vision. "Great heavens, can it be that I am too late, that every one has been paid, and that I must

A placard hanging over the cashier's window now caught his eye, and he was obliged to lean against the counter to keep from falling as he read the notice which it contained. To all: "On account of the sudden illness of the cash-ier who has been at his next the sudden illness of the cashve hours, it will be impossible to pay off en loyes before January 2d at 10 a.m." "Oh, my poor babies! my poor babies!" groaned Pujol, as he pressed his hands to his head. "How shall I ever bring myself to face them empty handed—without even a box of

hearts. It's terrible, it's terrible."

He knew how useless it would be to attempt for his special benefit. Everybody had made his purchases and had no need of money at this late hour, so no one seemed to feel that there

It shall be the only baby in the family. I'll be "would it not have been better to let me fall? the grandmother, Jane the mother, and Paula A hundred feet! Only think of it! It would with the porter's warning to keep his wits about him, Pujol turned his face homeward, taking good care to avoid the heavily-loaded wagons which rumbled along in every direction carrying rich and costly presents to happy

> "What shall I say to my poor, dear babies?" fear no reproach from her. But my little Blanche's eyes will fill with tears, and then my Blanche's eyes will fill with tears, and then my wretched heart will snap in two."
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> But just before he reached the house the comforting thought flashed through his mind that possibly the good woman on the first floor had supplied them plentifully with cakes and candies, and that, after all, their New Year's eve would not be so utterly dark and forlorn.
>
> With stackby and materialy steps Puicle event. With stealthy and unsteady steps Pujol crept upstairs. The corridors were dimly lighted, and it seemed to him as if he were intent upon some crime. Crime? Ay, was it not a crime to rob a human flower of light and warmth and sunshine; to shut it up within four blank walls, so that the blessed breath of heaven couldn't reach it or the soft balm of rain and dew could

not come unto it?

As Pujol reached the last landing a sudden childish laughter, clear, ringing, sweet and bird-like in its gamut of tones, fel upon his ear. Pierre made a halt as if the heavens had opened before him. Then he dropped upon his knees and bowed his head in prayer. Not until Julie came to the door, opened it, looked out and said, as if thinking aloud, Why, I wonder what can keep dear, good papa so late?" Did he, or more correctly said, could he bring himself to rise and make his way into the attic chamber. As he pushed the door open his gaze fell upon a scene which caused him to rub his eyes in order to convince himself that he was not wandering about

Instead of finding the room lighted by single lamp, it seemed ablaze with the light of two, while on the walls were harging hemlock wreathes ornamented with paper flowers and on the table lay a plentiful store of cakes and whole place seemed transformed, beautified, full of a strange radiance. But Pujol's wonder was not suffered to end

in a dream.

here, for when his gaze turned from the changed character of the place itself and fell amiability, so thoroughly trustworthy and upon his two children, he staggered back capable, and so popular with every one. word. There sat little Blanche, rocking backward and forward in her chair and clasping in her

baby arms a doll, richly, beautifully and completely dressed even to a pair of tiny buttoned kid shoes. The doll was quite as large as Blanche herself. "Oh, papa, dear, good, kind, blessed papa," exclaimed Julie, throwing her arms around him, "how shall we ever thank you for the splendid big doll.

"Oh, don't talk so loud, Julie," whispered

"I was just getting baby to asleep and now you've waked her up again."

Pujol gave one glance at the large pasteboard box lying on the floor and the huge sheets of paper in which it had been so carefully wrapped, and the mystery was solved. His first impulse was to spring forward and snatch the costly article from little Blanche's arms, but if a keen-edged sword had been raised over his head to urge him to quicker performance of the act, he could not have done it. He sank upon a chair and covered his face with his nds repeating to himself: "Great heavens, what shall I do? What shall

"Ah, we found you out, you mischievous

papa," exclaimed Julie, encircing his neck with her arms. "You tried to hide it away from us." "Yes, we found you out," echoed Blanche; "and, dearest papa, shall I tell you how we found you out? I heard the baby crying in the box. She was tired of being shut up in that horrid dark place; weren't you, baby? Is she unbreakable, papa?"
Pujol tried to answer. Then he tried to smile, but both failed. He clasped his children

some solution for the extremely serious problem which now faced him. Mechanically, stooped and picked up the box which had con-tained the doll. Although he had only been employed for a few days in the establishment, yet his thorough knowledge of such matters had enabled him to unravel the cipher of which "Fifty francs!" he groaned as he came upon the cabalistic pencil mark. "Twice as much as the sum due me for a whole week's labor!

Have I lost my reason? Why I must take it to the purchaser?' And springing up, Pujol approached his children and mumbling out comfort from the outlook by contrasting it with his position the week just passed, he buckled down to work and by noontime had succeeded "Too late, too late." he murmured to himome excuse, took the beautiful puppet out of

> strove to get at the secret of his sudden and mysterious sorrow.

Like a man stunned by a heavy blow Pujol

went stumbling down the long stairway. Thos

of the tenants who saw him go out that night deemed him under the influence of liquor. Alas, it was not the paralysis of intoxication, it himself. "She will take good care of them. The world is always ready and willing to pick up an abandoned child, but it turns away piti-lessly from those who are old enough to take care of themselves. Why should I wait to be rrested as a common felon? Why should I lay doll. They would simply turn me over to the authorities. True, death will rob me of my children and them of me! But what use am I easy death and possibly there will be somebody in this great city, after it has finished the feast-

## CHAPTER III.

ing and pleasures of the New Year, who will be

touched by my death and go to the rescue of my

"Well, this is just too bad!" exclaimed little Paula de Courcy as she turned away from the Just see, mamma, what a beautiful New Year's day it is and no Uncle Felix, no unbreakable "Courage, courage, little daughter."

Madame de Courcy, 'it's only 10 and you know Uncle Felix seldom gets here before "Yes, that's so, dear mamma," came from Jane; "but I do think he might have come a little earlier on New Year's day, and such

beautiful day!"
"So do I," cried Martha, looking up from her book, and then, with a pretty pout on her sweet lips, she added: "I should call that an invisible and not an unbreakable doll, should' "Indeed, I should!" replied Madame

Courcy, laughing heartily. "What does invisible mean, mamma? little Paula, looking up with a startled expression in her big blue eyes. It doesn't mean that the doll won't come at all, does it, dear "Yes, it does, Paula," cried Jane with a very serious look; "it means that Uncle Felix has either forgotten all about us or else that he has

little girls whom he loves better than he does girls better than he does us," replied Paula, with almost a sob; "for mamma says that we are the best children in the world."

These words had scarcely dropped from the child's lips when a vigorous tug at the door bell set it dancing manile.

fallen down the elevator—a hundred feet. Can't you see where you are going?"

"Oh, you mean unbreakable," cried Uncle Felix, with a laugh.

"Yes, that's it," said Paula.

"Yes, that's it," said Paula.

"Yery well," answered the uncle, "each of you shall have an unbreakable doll for your New Year's present."

"No, no, dearest uncle," objected Jane.

"Not three, but one big one, as big as Paula herself."

"Yes, yes, Uncle Felix," urged Martha, who at first had not looked with favor upon the choice made by Paula; "one splendid big one."

"Oh merciful Father," he murmured, "and away they went with a mad you see where you are going?"

Pujol stammered out a few words of thanks, and the porter, after taking another look at him, seemed to soften a bit, for he took hold of Pierre's arm gently and leading him out into his surprise Jane and Paula flitted behind him as if they expected to find the unbreakable doil to dangling by a leg, or possibly rolled up into a wad and thrust into his coat-tail pocket.

"Why, Uncle Felix, where is she? What's become of her? Have you folded her up and thought and then he repeated the words, "a hundred feet." over and over again.

"Oh merciful Father," he murmured, "a hundred of your forget us entirely?"

were some of the questions which the three children rained upon their uncle in such a tumultuous manner that the good man could "Mercy, mercy, do give your poor old uncle chance for his life," and when quiet had been "And now, first of all, my darlings, tell me how you like the unbreakable doll. Are you satisfied? Is she big enough?"

"Why, don't you understand, dear uncle," cried Martha; "she hasn't come; the unbreaka ble doll baby hasn't arrived." "Hasn't come, hasn't arrived," repeated Uncle Felix with a puzzled air.
"No, and what's more," exclaimed Paula indignantly, "I don't believe she's coming at all. I don't believe that there's any such thing as an unbreakable doll baby as big as I am."
"Why, darlings," stammered Uncle Felix, "I picked out the largest and finest in the whole establishment—a perfect beauty, with real hair. establishment—a perfect beauty, with real hair, movable eyes and buttoned shoes." movable eyes and buttoned shoes."
"Buttoned shoes!" cried Paula, clapping her hands with delight. "But where is she, dearest

"And they promised," continued the uncle, "that she should reach you yesterday afternoon, securely packed in a box big enough to "Securely packed," repeated Martha. "Why, uncle, I thought she was unbreakable." "So she is, so she is!" replied Uncle Felix, absolutely unbreakable when handled with care. But listen, darlings, the delivery de-partments of the large establishment will not lose until noon. I'll go at once, and even if have to call upon the police to help me, I'll bring that unbreakable doll baby back with me,

Incle Felix, where is she?"

dead or alive. But first a kiss all around, please, little ladies. In your excitement about the unbreakable doll baby you quite forgot that this is New Year's day?" Uncle Felix was soon out of sight and the three children returned to their books and playthings with faces wreathed in smiles and voices full of tones of gladness.

But some way or other little Paula couldn't ettle down to a state of contentment. Even the new toys seemed to have no charm for her. Now that the unbreakable doll baby was so soon to make her appearance Paula passed most of her time running from one window to another in hopes of being the very first to catch a glimpse of the wonderful doll baby.

Courcy's presence and the three children were left quite to themselves.

Again there was a ring at the door bell, but so feeble had been the pull that the sound scarcely reached the children's ears. They knew only too well that it could not be Uncle elix. He always set the bell dancing in the liveliest fashion. So not one of the little maidens left her place. There was a faint sound of voices in the corridor and then the door closed again.

Household duties now demanded Madame de

Paula's curiosity, however, got the better of her, and pushing her playthings aside, she ran to the window and mounted upon the hassock which served to give her a more extensive view. In an instant her childish voice rang out clear and pipe-like: "Oh, it's my beggarman. Call him back. Don't let him go away. Oh, mamma, mamma! I want to see my beggarman again. Call him back; call him back!" and bursting out upon the astonished servant who had just closed the door, the child again broke out so earnestly with "Call my beggarman back! Don't let him

door and beckened to the poor, pale and ragged wretch whom he had just turned away to return. It was Pierre Pujol.
"Don't be afraid, good beggarman," cried little Paula, "come right in, no one will harm ou; don't be afraid. Pujol removed his worn and battered hat and stepped inside the hallway. By this time Madame de Courcy, who had

go, call him back!"

verheard tha shrill cries of her little daughter. nade her appearance. "Dear, good mamma," pleaded Paula; "this my beggarman. Don't you remember, I told got her." bout his sad face when I got home that day. Please give him some money. He may have a little girl just like me, and she may be in need f something to eat or something to wear." Madame de Courcy, stooping down, clasped her little daughter in her arms and kissed her over and over again.

"You are a little angel, my blessed," she exclaimed "So she is, madame!" repeated Pierre Pujol, bending his head and reverently crossing him-

at Pujol. Her mind was filled with a thousand and one things in connection with an entertainment which she was to give that evening, and even had this not been so it is not at all likely that she would have made a sufficiently close study of the poor wretch who stood be-fore her with hat in hand and downcast look to discover in him anything distinguishable from the ordinary characteristics of those pitithe streets of every great city, feeding upon the erusts which are jossed to them and sinking month by month lower in the scale of degradation until they can exist only by wrangling with the very street curs for the contents of the garbage boxes.

A woman's gracious and ever active impulse to pity the suffering and her inability to steel her heart against such a sight as now confronted Madame de Courcy, makes her a dangerous alms giver.

The really deserving mendicant, to whore

nature had denied the skill of making one face while he wore another and of forcing tears to his eyes as the occasion demanded, might easily go unblest of charity from a woman's presence. But it needed no touch of the play ctor's art to enable Pierre Pujol to move little Paula's mother to do her utmost to lighten his misery. With a heart that swelled with compassion, the lady stepped forward and emptied her purse into the hands of the astounded Pujol. At sight of the glittering gold pieces the man caught his breath and raised his heavy eyelids as if he expected to find some celestial messenger in radiant raiment standing before the gracious alms giver to the sweeter one of the little Paula beside her and then it became Madame de Courcy's turn to be amazed, for the fined for such a wretched outcast, gather gold and silver pieces into a roll and handed

"Keep it, keep it, poor beggarman," cried little Paula. "Please keep it. Oh, please keep But a faint smile spread over the man's feat-ures and for the first time Madame de Courcy

noticed that although unshorn and pinched with finement in his face.
"Madame," began Pujol in a low and tremulous voice, "I came for forgiveness, not for

"Forgiveness?" echoed Madame de with a look of deep perplexity.

"Yes, madame, forgiveness," continued
Pierre solemnly; "for I have committed a crime against the law of the land and you alone have have it in your power to save me from punishment."
"Oh, don't cry, poor Mr. Beggorman, we'll forgive you," cried little Paula; "won't we,

mamma? Our mamma is very kind and always forgives us when we are naughty."

Madame de Courcy raised her hand gently to constrain the sweet little chatterbox to quietness, and turned a sympathetic glance upon Pujol to encourage him to proceed. and refined demeanor Pierre now related the story of his year of misfortune, how he had lost his place, how his little savings had been consumed, the fading out of life of his beloved wife and his despair at finding himself drawing closer and closer to that dread portal, which "For me," cried Pujol, "the end could not have come too soon, but my babies; oh, my babies; my patient, faithful Julie and my dear At these words, Paula burst out with such a wild cry of joy, accompanied by so loud a clapping of hands, that Martha and Jane came rushing out into the corridor to see what

"I knew it, mamma, dear," exclaimed the happy Paula. "I knew that my beggarman had two little children at home; one just like me. I have seen them. I know Julie and lides and knocks off hats on an "all's-fair-in "Seen them? Know them?" repeated Martha and Jane.
"Yes, I think I know what I'm talking about," added Paula with a look of injured dignity. dreamt I saw them, and that's just the same

But, mamma, Mr. Beggarman looks cold Mayn't we take him in out of the chilly corri dor and give him something warm to drink?" Madame de Courcy stammered out a few words of apology for her thoughtlessness, and he Phjol was led into the warm drawing room by little Paula, closely followed by Martha and Jane. A glass of wine helped the poor man to collect his thoughts. Madame de Courcy was anxiously awaiting the explanation of his strange utterances in reference to forgiveness at her bands.

able doll," replied Pujol.
"An unbreakable doll?" echoed the three children in one voice, while wonder looked out

"Why, Mr. Beggarman," exclaimed little Paula, "that's ours; that's our unbreakable doll baby, which Uncle Felix bought for us."

"I know it, I know it only too well," sa Pujol sadly, "and my first impulse was to snatch it out of their hands, but I hadn't the heart to do it, and then again I noticed that they had already soiled it somewhat, for their dear little hands are not so clean and dainty as your tiny fingers, and so rather than be called a thief and be sent to prison I made up my mind to drown myself. I knew that my babies would be well taken care of by a kind, good woman who lives on the ground floor, and so I kissed them good-bye forever and started off for the quay. I don't know how I got there, but I remember standknow how I got there, but I remer

ing for a moment and looking down into the water, and then I jumped."

The three children burst out into crics and sobs at this terrible confession of Pujol's, and threw their arms around their mother's neck and waist. "When I first touched the water." continued

Pujol, "it seemed colder than any ice I had ever felt and chilled me to the very heart, but in an instant it began to grow warmer and a delightful feeling of comfort came over me. I don't think I ever felt so happy. I could see my babies sitting in the attic room playing with the beautiful doll as plainly as I now see you. But presently a terrible hand of iron seemed to | she was in a normal condition was unconscious lay hold of me and drag me out of the warmth into the freezing air again. It was the iron hook which a river policeman had succeeded in fastening into my coat collar just as I was going down for the last time."

"Oh, I'm so glad he pulled you out," said normal senses about her. little Paula, as she fixed her big lustrous blue eyes upon the would-be suicide. see, madame," murmured Pujol, "the world insists upon killing me in its own way!

ness and laid hold of one of Pujol's hands.
"Why, mamma," she exclaimed as she touched his coat sleeve, "would you believe it, Mr. Beggarman isn't dry yet and his sleeve is all frozen stiff! "I do wish Uncle Felix would come," cried Martha, "so that he could give the poor man one of his nice warm coats.' In a few appropriate words' full of the spirit of kindness but none the less impressive, Madame de Courcy now strove to set before Pujol's mind the enormity of his offense in abandoning his children and attempting to take "If you will give me your most sacred pledge," continued the lady solemnly, "that you will not again seek to bring destruction

upon that which the Lord hath given and the Lord alone may take away I'll gladly forgive you for the wrong you committed in not deliv-ing the doll, and, what's more, I'll request my brother to lend you his influence in securing you another position." Pujol's heart was too full for utterance. Yes, we'll forgive you, Mr. Beggarman, cried little Paula. cried little Paula. "He may keep the unbreakable doll baby for Julie and Blanche, mayn't

he, dearest mamma?"

"Please let him," pleaded Jane, and then she asked: "Mayn't we send Julie and Blanche some of our toys, dearest mamma?" Madame de Courcy was deeply moved by thi charming manifestation of sympathy on the part of her children. While the tears trickled down Pierre Pujol's cheeks his three little friends loaded him down with toys for Julie and Blanche. Uncle Felix now gave the bell his usual vig-

orous tug, and was more astonished than ever to have the three sisters come rushing out with "We've found the unbreakable doll! The unbreakable doll has come to life. The mysterv is solved! "Yes, dearest uncle," added little Paula. "we have found the unbreakable doll, but we haven't

With a generous supply of money, warm coat on his back, and better than all, a heart leaping with such joy in his breast that it was a pretty hard task for him to get his breath, the wanderer came to the end of his rough and sorrowfal path: and there was that for a long and joyous New Year's day. sorrowful path; and there was time enough, too. Thus it was the lucky turn came in Pierre Pujel's fortune. The unbreakable doll baby has at different times lost one leg, one arm and half of her head, but the glue pot has always THE END.

## A LOST OPPORTUNITY. He Did Not Go Soon Enough to Behold

From Drake's Magazine. It was on a Sabbath morn and George Murgatroyd had just turned over to sleep again, after making his sixth resolution to get up. But the cry, fraught with anxiety and trepida-

tion, that came from the room below banished sleep instantly. It was his wife's voice-the dear girl whom he had taken from a parent's, or, rather, two parents' care

What could be the matter? He remembered now, with an agonized gasp, as he ripped his night gown up the back and put one leg into the arm of his undershirt, that Maud had functional derangement of the heart. Still she

"George! Come quick!"

"George! Why don't you come? Come! In his frantic haste he had on his trouser hind part before and his shirt was a wreck, but what of that? Like a flash it came to him, the tale of yesterday, told by his little wife, at which he had scoffed—God help him! A tale of a dark-browed man who came to read the gas meter and who had behaved so strangely that Mand suspected him of being a burglar's trances undergoes an "exaltation of the senses," spy. The man had come again-even now,

search for them? With one bound he over-turned the rocking chair and smashed the water pitcher; in another instant be had collided with a half-open closet door; at the third step he tripped over his suspenders and came and when awake had no notion of music. down stairs on his elbows and countenance. "Courage, Maud!" he cried. "I am com-

He was only a pale bookkeeper and unarmed save with nature's weapons, but not for a moment did he falter. "You're too late," said Maud, with a pretty pout, as George dashed into the room with fire "What-where is he?" he gasped, looking

around with an awful faintness at the heart. "I wanted you to see the baby," said she, in a disappointed voice. "He had his foot in his nouth, and you've no idea how cunning

PHRENOLOGY OF UMBRELLAS.

From the Boston Globe. The precise umbrella has an erect rigidness of poise that turns neither to the right nor The cautious umbrella has a covert, shouldershading snugness that keeps close to the shel-

tered side of the way. The calculating umbrella has a weigh-andmeasure preoccupation, dipping down slowly the world closes upon all those whom it executes by the slow death of hunger and cold. an eye. The irascible umbrella jerks through

moving mass of its kind with a rampant air of general unsteadiness that people pause to ruffle their brows at. The good-natured umbrella has an ambling slowness of movement, a rest-on-oars look that seems to contemplate its fellows as sub-The bound-to-get-there umbrella hasa steady.

determined movement that crushes and col

war" principle.
The going-to-the-party umbrella bobs skips in air with a certain buoyant elevation that seems borne on the wings of glee. The take-it-easy umbrella hangs off with an oh-fuss, what's-the-hurry loll. The shy umbrella has a forward dip, like a hat pulled over the eyes.

The absent-minded umbrella protrudes com-

head acts as a substitute.

The sweet-sixteen umbrella has "chummy" equipose, that suggests a web and woof of "Isn't he just lovely!" confabs, with acid drop intermissions.

The forlorn-woman umbrella has a vigorless,

Instances of the Exercise of This Strange Controlling Power.

MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATIONS

How Hypnotism Differs From Somnam ism and Catalepsy - Some Remarkable Experiments Performed in This City-Instances of All Phases That Are Believed to Be Authentic.

Written for the Evening Star.

THE CONVICTION LAST WEEK of the two Paris stranglers, Eyraud and Gabrille Bompard, an account of whose deed was recently published in THE STAR, showed some that she had done so. It is probable, too, that the acting of the crime was more accurately performed by the woman hypnotized than it would have been by the woman with all her

est are hypnotism, somnambulism and dreams. Simple mesmerism is not so extraordinary. The Madame de Courcy spoke a few words of explanation that Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, the sympathy, but little Paula overcame her shy-A person who is mesmerized is under the influence of the mesmerizer and his own imagination, but the will of the mesmerizer will not be executed by the subject unless it is expressed to him. He must be told what he is expected to do, otherwise he will act according to own view of what is expected of him, no matter how different may be the silent wish of the operator. A skillful operator may be introduced into the same room with the and if the latter is ignorant of his presence he is powerless to affect him. The actual known resence and generally a physical contact are necessary to produce mesmeric influences. This is generally known as animal magnetism and is not a circumstance in its strange inexplicable ness to hypnotism and its different m tions. The latter, which is, perhaps, more correctly known as somnambulism, is now receivthan was ever given to it before, and it is to be hoped that some definite conclusions may soon be reached in regard to it.

A REMARKABLE BALTIMORE SUBJECT.

About eighteen months ago a select party of

people in Washington was treated to an exhi-

bition of this peculiar disease which certainly deserves to be recorded. A young girl, who lives in Baltimore, had excited a great deal of interest among the physicians of that city, because of the peculiar trances in which she fell at certain times, and she was brought to this city, where a private exhibition was given. It must be premised that there is nothing remarkable or unusual in the girl's appearance or manner. She is a most respectable young her father and mother are working people of excellent standing. After the company had as-sembled she was given a chair in the middle of the room, and having sat in it for a few mo-ments, she closed her eyes and immediately went into an hypnotic state. The things that he did when in this trance, which lasted for fully half an hour, were most extraordinary. Her hands began to move and a slate pencil was thrust into her right hand and a slate held. Upon this she wrote rapidly, among other things a snatch of a Latin sentence. After a while she began to preach a sermon. She then rose and walked a few yards and would have fallen heavily to the ground had not her father caught her. She became perfectly rigid and apparently simulated death in her dreams. Her nostrils sank in, her mouth became compressed, she was deathly pale, the movement of breathwas present found the pulse beating feebly. he resembled a corpse so closely that several of the audience almost held their breath in terror lest she might really have passed away. From this condition she passed into one of apparent pain and illness, coughing and After further remarkable maniestations she suddenly awoke. She betraved no fatigue or weakness as the effects of her trance and was entirely ignorant of what she had done. The girl is of limited education and writes when in her normal condition certainly not readily, nor could she possibly, when awake, preach a sermon of any kind. It was clearly a case of somnambulism.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SOMNAMBULISM AND CAT

ALEPSY. The somnambulist and the cataleptic must not be confounded. In the latter disease animation is apparently suspended and the subject resembles a corpse, but consciousness remains to a greater or less extent. There is one ghastly story of a woman who went into a cataleptic trance and was laid out for burial, being could not cry out like that if stricken down all the time conscious of what was being done, and it was this species of disease that Edgar Allen Poe used as the foundation for his horrible sketch on premature burial. The person who is afflicted with catalepsy is without power of speech or motion. The somnambulist who walks in his sleep is

merely one variety of somnambulism. It is the more confirmed somnambulist that goes into the trances. The strangest thing of all is the reas the scientists have expressed. He does things and says things that he could not say or do if he were awake. In the case of the Baltimore girl just described she preached and wrote as she could never have done under normal circumstances, but there are instances on record of still more extraordinary exaltation power. One common, ignorant girl sang in imitation of Jenny Lind and sang beautifully William Hamilton in his metaphysics has cited cases even more astounding. He tells of one poor woman in France, who, when she is in her rances, spoke an unknown tongue, and when the sounds were repeated to her afterward she had not the slightest conception of their meaning. Investigation proved the dialect to be old Breton, and it appeared that, in her early in-fancy, she had had a Breton peasant for a nurse. Not one word of the language had she learnt. Had it lodged somewhere in her baby brain—in some corner that only awoke when her healthy intellects were asleep?

s easy to see that Gabrielle Bompard would be able, when hypnotized, to go over the scene of her murder more correctly than she could when she had simply her normal memory to guide her. Her performance of this feat also showed that she was subject to these strange influences, and that her consort unquestionably had a power over her independent of her own will. But if she had committed her murder when hypnotized, it is not probable that she would have had any recollection of it afterward, and yet she made a full confession. ward, and yet she made a full confession.

It is the known fact of "exaltation of the senses" that has given rise to the pretense of second sight. The truth is strange enough without any enhancement of fiction, yet even such a plausible novelist as Wilkie Collins has not been able to resist the temptation of introducing it in one of his works. It is absurd to suppose that the autropolium thin also the suppose that the extraordinary things done by a somnambulist have any reference to unknown things of the future; a more reasonable suppo-sition is that they relate to the past. The clair-voyance of the charlatan is worthy of serious THREE VARIETIES OF HYPNOTISE

GABRIELLE BOMPARD'S "EXALTATION."

In view of this "exaltation of the senses," i

It would appear that there are three varieties of hypnotism. One is the case where a person is put into the state by another, and this is

more like the ordinary mesmerism; the other is where the person goes into the trance involuntarily, and the third is the case, illustrated by the Baltimore girl, where the trance is voluntary at times and involuntary at others. To produce the first kind of hypnotism the fol-To produce the first kind of hypnotism the following receipt is given: Take a bright object, such as a new eilver coin, hold it a short distance, less than an arm's length, before the subject's eyes and slightly above them, and make him look at it fixedly for some time. The pupils of his eyes at first contract and then di-late, and soon the symptoms of ordinary sleep appear. He then sinks into a trance, his limbs become rigid as in catalepsy, and presently you may or may not, according as he is a good or indifferent subject, be able to make him do The solution of joy went up from the three little ones.

That's Uncle Felix!" they cried, "he always rings that way, and away they went with a mad round.

The good man was almost overturned by the charge they made upon him. He made an effort to distribute the customary kisses, but to his surprise Jane and Paula fittled behind him as fit they expected to find the unbreakable doll dangling by a leg, or possibly rolled up into a ward and thrust into his coat-tail pocket.

"Why, Uncle Felix, where is she? What's become of her? Have you folded her up and hidden her away in you, cost pocket? Please and beautiful toy called an unbreak."

"A large and beautiful toy called an unbreak."

"A large and beautiful toy called an unbreak."

"A shout of joy went up from the three little ones.

The chivalric umbrella has a come-and-bealet the loop that principle he as a come-and-bealet the loop to set hat the hop tailing in the charge they made upon him. He made an effort to distribute the customary kisses, but to his surprise Jane and Paula fittled behind him as if they expected to find the unbreakable doll dangling by a leg, or possibly rolled up into a ward and thrust into his coat-tail pocket.

"Why, Uncle Felix, where is she? What's become of her? Have you folded her up and hidden her away in you, cost pocket? Please at the bands.

The chivalric umbrella has a come-and-bealet the obstitution to reliate how he shall the the band him to pullic each the foliation. The chivalric umbrella has a come-and-bealet the object the had found work as a porter, how he had left the hop tail to the loop that he had found work as a porter, how he had left the hop that in pullic down the elevator that, he return to reliate how the parked to make the name of memmerism. The heades and it is easy to see that very dangerous ones might also be brought with a glorious ring result are produced, and it is easy to see that went and the third finding ring results are produced, and it is easy to see that went and the had been down the elevator that. It

ubject. There is therefore no danger of crim inals becoming hypnotizers and thus making others do their wicked deeds for them. The the French term the somnambulesme mag-

> EFFECT UPON A SENSITIVE SUBJECT. Nevertheless, if a skillful mesmerizer operates constantly upon one sensitive subject, the latter after a time almost ceases to have any will but his. There is a case on record of a man who had such an influence over a young girl that when she was expecting the arrival of her mother he induced a washerwoman from the streets to enter the house calling out to the girl as she did so: "Mary, here's your mother!" The girl embraced the stranger with effusive affection, and when her tyrant called her atten-tion to her mistake sank down in tears of help-

less mortification.

The somnambulist, as some one has put it,
"acts his dreams," and in that way, subject
to human limitations, he performs wonderful
feats. He cannot fly, and to dream that you are flying is not uncommon, nor can he pene-trate the portals of heaven as happy people have done in their sleep. Does he experience that perfect ecstacy that De Quincy has described as one of the stages of opium intoxica-tion? It would not seem probable from the in-stances that have been recorded.

The extraordinary things that people have been known to do in unnatural sleep are only equaled by the ordinary things that they can while in the distance there was the roll of do when they are sleeping a normal sleep.
The old horse jogging along the dusty road which he is perfectly familiar with on a hot, drowsy summer day not infrequently goes to sleep, and when he is standing in front of the village store, where his owner loves to loaf for hours at a time, unless something out of the usual run is transpiring about him he is nearly Of all the strange things on earth the strangalways taking a nap. If you watch him you will see his head gradually sinking lower and lower in the check rein until the bit presses his mouth disagreeably, when he wakes with a start and looks about him guiltily like an old man after dinner, ready to deny that he had ver thought of going to sleep. Is there anything wicked in taking a nap in your easy chair after dinner? No practice is more natural and innocent, yet there never was man or woman who would confess to it, however visible the proof might be. One would as soon expect a confession of snoring as a confession of that after-dinner nap.

MEN WHO WORK WHILE ASLEEP.

true that men have been known to sleep while make a journey every day between two neigh-boring villages by a certain beaten track. Regularly every day he would go to sleep and continue walking and regularly as clock work row and shaky plank. This was no more than the old horse does and the waking up at a cer-tain place was no more than the faculty of waking at a regular hour every morning, which nearly all people possess. Many people, for that matter, are able to wake at any hour that they choose. The night watchman does not always watch, but if he knows when an inspector is to be expected he can regulate his postman story. It comes down to us on the authority of two philosophers of the olden time. fixed features.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE. Two scholars were making a journey on cluded he did not hear me. As a second hail produced no result I spurred my weary horse riding all day long and doubtless beguiling the weary hours by crudite discussion, they arrived at an inn at nightfall thoroughly fatigued. sented them with a manuscript he had recently found. The more tired one of the two travelagined that it was dry reading and that all the urroundings were calculated to induce drowsiness. Nevertheless, the reader read for some ime, turning over the pages and making the proper pauses and inflections, until one of the me found that, while he was reading perfectly cor- ing was of curiosity. lection of a word he had read. It may well be suspected that the country parson in the hot a lullaby among the vines about the church windows, and when the locusts are buzzing ais familiar prayers.

ALL ARE MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATION While some people behave as though they were awake, when in reality they are asleep, others behave as though they were asleep when in reality they are awake. The absent-minded individual who walks along the street appar-ently cutting everybody he meets, who walks a moving carriage, might just as well be a as I did so. Fortunately, I carried m somnambulist. But this is snother thing and in an air-tight case, and as it was dry here. Mesmerism, hypnotism, somnambulism are all manifestations of dreams and sleep, and are mysteries as strange almost as the mystery

NOT ACQUAINTED WITH CHILDREN. What Parents Sometimes Lose by Too Strict

a Devotion to Social Duties. "Yes; I've read everything first that my boy has ever read," said a handsome woman the other evening. "He is thirteen years old and

puzzled about what is best to read next." woman who can think about her children at

"It is hard for a woman to manage her house

hold and go into society and pay any attention to her children, I admit," said the first speaker. "But I'd rather forego some of the social pleas-ures and have the greater pleasure my children afford me."
"We had a most winsome girl in our school." answered her friend. "I felt it a privilege to be allowed to enjoy the personality of such a pure, brilliant and original mind. She wrote in especially fine composition, and to encour-

low this to your mother and ask her what she thinks of it, and tell me what she says." "Days passed and Eleanora did not mention the composition; finally I asked her what her mother had said.

age her to even better results I said. 'Elean

home she is out to a tea, luncheon, reception or driving, and then we never dine with mamma, and very often she is could be seen to a tea, luncheon, reception well as I could a service for the dead.

When day dawned I was able to discount to the she is could be seen to the seen to mamma, and very often she is out to dinner or giving a dinner, and in the evening she always has some entertainment on hand, so you see it lowed these to the nearest town, where I noti-



"Did you meet him abroad?"
"No; but Cholly Davis saw him meet a friend in the street one day."—Life.

"Five dollars," was the prompt reply.

"I t-t-th-in-k I-'ll g-g-g-o---"

"Well, I can give you a \$3 room," the clerk made haste to say, "and it is one of the best rooms on the seventh floor. Front! Show this gentleman to 728."

The haste of the clerk was the means of declars the Auditorium Company of \$10 for Going back.

I checked my horse, and after one long straining look around owned to myself that I was lost. I had suspected the fact some time since, but had stubbornly fought down the suspicion though my horse evidently realized. With patient endurance he plodded along, resignation plainly expressed in the droop of his tail and ears. In place of the ranch, the hearty welcome, pleasant words, bed, supper, and fire I had expected to reach by sunset, there was nothing to be seen before, behind, on either hand, but the dead level of the plain. There were paths in plenty; in fact, the trouble was there were too many-all narrow and winding, for whose meandering there seemed not the slightest excuse except the general tendency to crookedness most things animate and inani-

From the Philadelphia Times.

PILOTED BY A GHOST.

Lost Man Rescued and a Starving Robe

Saved by the Spirit of Her Father.

of cloud had closed together in a curtain of gray mist. My horse strode on of his own accord, and hoping that his instinct would lead us to some house. I let him have his will. Presently it began to rain, a sort of heartbroken passionless weeping, but with a steady determination to persevere all night, that awoke graver apprehension in my bosom than any amount of blustering, showery downpour could have done. This fine, still rain was ac-companied by a low, soughing wind that added its desolate note to the general dreariness of the hour. Of course I did not mind a little rain, but the prospect of spending the entire night exposed to it was anything but agreeable, and I grew really violent in denunciation of the folly which had led me, an utter stranger in the country, to attempt to find anything less than a volcano in active eruption on a bald prairie. The Texans are a fine people, in many re-spects the most admirable of hosts—but individually and collectively they lack any appre-But if horses go to sleep standing in the ciation of distance. This is due, of course, to shafts or jogging along the road, it is equally true that men have been known to sleep while the phrases "a little piece of out" and "just engaged in some habitual occupation. Sir outside o' town" can be stretched, this con-temptuous regard of miles is a little misleading. gations have been alluded to before, gives an But in the face of that dreary, monotonous moan instance of a postman in England who used to ing of rain and wind, even anger at my own folly could not burn long, and though chilled to the bone and tired and hungry, I plodded on dully, grateful that no night, even the longest, could last forever. It was now quite dark, and very he would wake up when he came to a certain little stream which had to be crossed by a narthe horizon a faint gleam of lightning showed too distant to cast brightness on my path and

All at once I saw a man walking about fifteen feet in front of me. Yes, I know I said it was intensely dark, but all the same, I repeat it. I saw a man walking in front of me, and further more I could see that he was a large man, dressed in rough, but well-fitting clothes; that ping and waking to suit. Another story is he wore a heavy red beard, and that he looked told by Sir William, more wonderful than his back at me from time to time with an expres sion of keen anxiety on his otherwise rather "Hallo!" I cried, but as he did not halt I con

only sufficient to intensify the blackness about

up to overtake the stranger. But, though the gray responded with an alacrity most commendable under the circumstances, I soon found that this strange pedestrian did not intend to There a third philosopher joined them and pre- let me catch up with him. Not that he hurried himself. He seemed without any exertion to keep a good fifteen feet between us. Then I ers volunteered to read it. It may well be im- began to wonder how, with the intense darkness shutting me in as four black walls, I was yet able to see my strange companion so clearly, to take in the details of his dress and even the expression of his face, and that at a distance ere than twice my horse's length when teners, making an interruption and observ- could hardly see his head before me. I am not ing that it was not heeded, went up to him and given to superstitious fancies and my only fee-

when, as suddenly as he had appeared, he was gone. I looked around for him, half afraid from his instant and complete disappearance that I had been dreaming, when I perceived that I was close to a small, low building of some sort. I reined in and shouted several times, their drowsy tune against the maples about the but not the slightest response could I hear, and porch, takes a little nap while he drones forth at last I rode boldly up and tapped on the wall with the butt of my riding whip. Then, as the elicited no sign of life, I concluded that I had stumbled on some descrited house, or that it was the abode of my eccentric friend; so, dismounting and tying the gray, I resolved to spend the rest of the night under a roof or to find some good reason for continuing my jourently cutting everybody he meets, who walks into an open drain or perhaps bumps up against a moving carriage, might just as well be a last did so. Fortunately, I carried my matches has nothing to do with the subjects sketched struck gave me a light at once. I found myself in a large room close to a fireplace, over

which a rade shelf was placed, and on this mantel I saw an oil lamp, to which I applied my match.
On the hearth was heaped a quantity of ashes and over these crouched a child, a little girl of five or six. At the other end of the room, which was plainly and scantily furnished, ay a man across a bed, and as I raised the lamp saw that he was the same I had been follow ing, but there was something in his attitude

and face that struck me as peculiar, and I was

about to go forward and look at him, when the child, who had at first seemed dazed at the "Have you anything for Nelly to eat?" we have exhausted Scott, all boys' histories and books of travel, and I'm getting just a little bit I ran my hand into my pocket and drew forth what had been a paper bag of chocolate "That remark makes me feel drawn toward you," said a lady sipping her chocolate near. I must confess to a childish fondness for sweets, which I usually carry in some form "It is a delight to find a New York society about me. I handed the remains of my day supply to the child, and then walked over to the bed. Yes, it was the same man, red beard,

rough clothes, but setting off the magnificen I took his hand only to find it stiff and col while his face had the dull gray aspect never seen in the newly dead. As I stood gazing down on him a little hand touched mine.

"Nelly so hungry!" said the child. "Yes, yes! But me hungry, for me had no

dinner, no brekkus, no supper and papa won't get up."
The house, which consisted of the large room, a smaller kitchen, and a shed, where found a quantity of hay and fodder, seemed quite bare of food, but by dint of searching in he hay I discovered a nest, which Neilie "Oh. I haven't seen mamma yet to ask her.'
"Mamma is away, is she?"
"Oh, no, but to tell the truth, madame, I I soothed her to sleep on a bed I made for her

fied the authorities of the death. The dead man's name was Frederick Barn-staple. He was an Englishman, so I found,

recent arrival in those parts. His daughter was restored to her family across the water and is now a pretty girl of seventeen. I have never told this story before, but I am ready to take an affidavit to its truth. It all happer thirty miles from Dallas.

What He Wanted Five Dollars For From the Philadelphia Times. Ammerl was a good-natured, soft-bearted

ellow who, along with other excellent qualities, was not averse to a well-spread table. But his purse, while meeting all his necessary wants, was hardly large enough to secure the latest, or rather the earliest, luxuries some little stint. Going through the game market one day his

eye was taken with a brace of quail, the first of the season. He felt a strong inward yearn-ing to possess the delicate birds, but on mak-ing inquiries he found the price was rather ing inquiries he found the price was rather beyond his expectations. "Can't you come down just a little?" he "Couldn't reduce them a cent, sir, and

anything," was the reply.

Ammer! gave a sigh and, resolutely cle
out the tempting sight, passed on his wa
He had hardly turned the corner befor
met an old friend, Pumpus, whose chief pation in life seemed to be in continual distress.

"Oh, Ammerl," he joyfully cried, "I want the loan of \$5. There's irouble at home and I don't know what to do."

Hardly was the money asked before it was given. The borrower, with profuse thanks that he had aved his life, left, while Ammerl stood and thought. and thought.

Not regret at his generosity, however, but whether he should go buy the quail and—yes, he would.

Going back to the keeper he told him he wanted that pair of birds.

"I am corry," was the answer, "but I've just sold them to Mr. Pumpus, and what is more, Mr. Ammerl, unlike you he didn't attempt to haggle about the price one bit."

mate alike possess. But it would have taken the instinct of a blood hound or a trailing Indian to have said which paths had been made dian to have said which paths had been mad by horses' feet or those of cattle. Now that the sun was gone, I found my knowledge of the point of the compass gone with it. As I sat perplexed and worried the

gloom of twilight gathered fast and the chill

thunder. Glancing up I saw that the masse